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Bryan Daily Eagle

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BRYAN, TEXAS, DECEMBER 21, 1909

PUBLIC HIGHWAYS HERE AND ELSEWHERE.

We don't know how many thousand dollars have been spent on the public roads of Brazos county but we do know that the roads are now in almost as bad a condition as they would be if nothing had been spent. This proves that the greater part of the road money heretofore has been mis-spent. This is not a reflection on the county administration past or present, for Brazos is as well fixed in regard to roads as most of the counties in Texas and better than many. The Raleigh, (N. C.) Progressive Farmer estimates that in the United States \$70,000,000 is spent annually in the construction of public highways, two-thirds of which is wasted. This enormous waste is the result of lack of proper information and experience in road building.

As already announced and commented on by The Eagle, Judge Board and the commissioners of Brazos county have ordered a complete outfit of the latest and best machinery for road building to be delivered early in January. It is to be hoped, therefore, that another Christmas will not find business paralyzed by a mud blockade. In this connection we quote a suggestion from the Progressive Farmer:

"In planning the building of highways a good idea is to make the county town the central place from which to make the roads radiate as main arteries; then build cross-roads as feeders to these main traveled highways."

While John Pierpont Morgan has nearly all the money in this country under his control, his daughter, Miss Anne Morgan, has placed herself at the head of the 40,000 shirt waist strikers. If the Morgan family control both capital and labor the public need not concern itself about arbitration, compulsory or otherwise, for the Morgans can attend to all that.

Even with Dr. Cook in retirement, Texas is not suffering from ennui. There's our own Dr. Rankin, for instance.—Fort Worth Star-Telegram.

Dr. Rankin is a hummer, a ruster, a stunner, a Johnny-on-the-spot, a live wire, a stirrer up of the animals. He is worrying the organs of the two extremists, Colquitt and Johnson, so they don't know where they are at.

The editor of the Huntsville Post prudently informs his readers that his column of "Political Dope" is "to be taken seriously before the election." Otherwise they would think he is joking now, for he makes some mighty reckless statements.

Nobody will get a chance to replenish his stock of political capital by "leading the fight against the central bank bill," because there ain't a gold to be no fight. The people led by the soul of Andrew Jackson have already killed the thing. If the measure is introduced in congress at all it will be stillborn.

Ain't you glad you did your Christmas shopping before the arctic weather set in? and don't you pity the poor, improvident wretches who didn't? Such dispensations of providence to punish delinquents work beautifully.

A woman doctor has figured it out that the way to stop the divorce evil is to abolish marriage. In profundity of wisdom this is equal to the proposition of an earlier philosopher who declared that death could be put out of business by discontinuing births.

Dr. Rankin's talks are worrying the Cone Johnson people almost to death. The Palestine Herald cries out in anguish: "Dr. Rankin should tell us what is the matter with Cone Johnson." That's easy; he can't win.

One of the beauties of this weather is that the fellow who would irritate you with the insane question, "Is it cold enough for you?" is at home hugging the stove.

Brother Blackshear should send to a Bryan druggist for a box of break-up-cold tablets and stop that "snorting and blowing."

The Texas newspapers have taken up the anti-Xmas crusade in earnest. Go it, boys! Give the barbarians who use it h-h-hall Columbia.

Trials of a Lecturer.
A well known Englishwoman lecturer tells some stories at her own expense.

"I was," she says, "on a tour through the provinces, and one night as I appeared on the platform in a small town the chairman introduced me to my audience in the following way: 'You have heard of Mr. Gladstone, the Grand Old Man. Let me now introduce to you the grand old woman.' This was intended as a sincere compliment."

"On another occasion a bluff old farmer who boasted of his ability to look on all sides of a question announced me as follows: 'This lady's come here to talk about her rights. She's hired the hall herself, and so she's got a right to be here, and if any of you don't like what she's got to say you're got an equal right to walk out in the middle of it.'"

Leaning Tower in England.
The famous leaning tower of Pisa has a rival in the Temple tower of Bristol, in England. It is a square tower of early Gothic architecture. All its parts still preserve their normal relative positions without cracks or fissures. The tower, which is about 115 feet high, is five feet out of perpendicular at the summit. There are no records to show whether the inclination was part of the architect's design or whether it is the result of an earthquake or of slow changes in the inclination of the soil. For many years there has been no change in the slope of the tower.

Right in Her Line.
"Isn't young Atkins going to wed that actress?"
"No," she feared that his laziness would bring poverty to both of them."
"And what did she do?"
"Convinced the engagement, saying she had an aversion to a poorhouse."—Exchange.

"CLEAN 'EM OUT"

RED TAG SALE

of Toys, Dolls, Medallions and China

We call this our "Clean 'Em Out" Red Tag Sale because we have red-tagged all of our Xmas goods, such as DOLLS, TOYS, GAMES, MEDALLIONS and CHINA, with prices so remarkably low that they will be cleaned out before Xmas. We invite you to call and look over our "Red Tag" price sale, whether you buy or not.

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Brings us some of the handsomest suits we have seen this season and we are making special prices on them on account of their late delivery. The lot includes the new light grey Cassimeres, fancy Worsteds and Blue Serges, perfectly tailored and cut in the height of fashion, at

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We are showing new Winter Styles in Men's Hats just received for the Holidays. Ask to see the new Brush Felt in grey, tan and green, the latest thing out in men's hats. To be found only at this store.

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NEW SHIPMENT STETSON HATS, ALL SHAPES
JUST RECEIVED.

THIS STORE IS HEADQUARTERS FOR HOLIDAY
GIFTS FOR MEN



Parks & Waldrop

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PLENTY OF ROOM.

One of Florence's Jokes.
That genial comedian W. J. Florence had a habit of promising a man a bluff or some game when he was about starting on a hunting or fishing trip. Day after day would pass, and the game would not be forthcoming. But almost every day a letter or telegram would come saying that Florence had not forgotten; that Florence was just about sending the game; that there was no cause for worry, as a fine fish or deer was on its way to the express office. At first this solicitedness would cause courteous letters and telegrams in return. As the delay got longer the victim would get impatient and would finally be literally haunted by huge fishes or deer. "With the compliments of W. J. Florence." Then some fine day, when it was least expected, the fish or deer would come.

Quaint Hymns.
For unrecalled of sentiment in hymns we must go back to the eighteenth century. Here is an instance:
"All lovely appearance of death;
What sight upon earth is so fair;
Not all the gay pageants that breathe
Can with a dead body compare."
It seems strange that death should have been the occasion for a touch of unconscious humor in a hymn. In the collection entitled "Hymns, Ancient and Modern," there was and possibly still is the following verse:
"They do not hear when the great bell is ringing overhead.
They cannot rise and come to church
With us—for they are dead."
The list of things which "they" are unable to do might be indefinitely extended.—London Chronicle.

A Big Help.
The lecturer raised his voice with emphatic confidence. "I venture to assert," he said, "that there isn't a man in this audience who has ever done anything to prevent the destruction of our forests."
A modest looking man in the back of the hall stood up.
"I—er—I've shot woodpeckers," he said. Everybody's.

Webster Made Next Retort.
As Judge made law is now so much discussed, we may recall one of the neatest answers in history, as far, at least, as our own reading goes:
Judge (interrupting Webster's argument)—That is not law.
Webster—It was law until your honor spoke.—Collier's Weekly.

Intercomplaint.
"Not that I love Smith less, but that I love Eva more," said the junior as he invited a Philadelphia girl to the prom.—Amherst Post-Local Clove.

No Trouble to Find a Place For Him to Rest in Sleep.

His blanket the soldier takes along on the march, but usually not his tent. Usage soon makes the ground as soft as a bed as he wants. The case is pretty nearly the same with the prospector and the frontiersman. In writing of the "Highways and Byways of the Pacific Coast" Mr. Clifton Johnson tells of the practice on the ranches of the west. He was the guest of an early settler.

While we were chatting a laborer passed, shouldering a roll of blankets. The butcher had come to the door, and he pointed to the prospector and said: "You see that fellow, don't you? Well, when I first reached here from the east I thought a man with a bed on his back was the funniest thing I'd ever come across."

"A rancher in this country won't take his hired man into his house. They've got to furnish their own blankets and usually sleep on the hay in the barn."
"I know a fellow who, when he'd just arrived and didn't understand the way they manage, got a job harvesting on a big wheat ranch. The help usually sleep in the straw stacks then, and it's precious little time they get to sleep anywhere. But he didn't know anything about that, and he was sitting around in the evening and finally said to the rancher, 'Where am I to sleep tonight?'"
"Why, I don't care where you sleep," said the rancher. "I've got 900 acres of land around here, and if you can't find a place to sleep on that I'll get my next neighbor to lend me a piece of his."

Happy Events.
A teacher in one of the public schools of Vienna in order to test the ability of her junior class—girls eight to nine years old—in composition writing gave each little miss a subject to be discussed "at once without consultation and without help of any kind." The articles were found to be so interesting and amusing that they have been collected for publication. One article on "My Three Happiest Days" is notable in the unique collection. In well chosen words and clearly rounded sentences the little girl says that, being lost in the woods, having to run away from a fire which broke out in their house and watching a little boat as the wind tossed it on the waves and finally smashed it, were the most "happy events" that she could think of. Another in describing "fairytland" said that it must be a place where "everything is as it is here except that the clock should be frozen half across at all times of the year so that we could take a swim and jump out and skate."

WAR WITH THE NATIVES

From now until January 1, I will sell Gents Furnishings at a price that will enable a broke man to Dress Up and Look Pleasant

HATS, former price \$3 and \$4, now \$1.00
SHOES, former price \$5.50, now 2.00
TIES, former price 75c, now 25c
SHIRTS, former price \$1.75, now 50c
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NOW IS THE TIME TO SUPPLY YOUR CHRISTMAS WANTS.

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Choicest of Beef, Pork, Veal, Mutton and Sausage. Your trade is appreciated

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Why? Because it is a Texas company, has ample Capital and Surplus and will keep Texas money in Texas. Joe B. Reed will explain the different plans and rates, and can also write Accident, Health, Life, and Marine Insurance with the best companies and give you just what you want, and you will know why. Every man, woman and child should have Life Insurance that would not, if not for me, others, are now enjoying the benefits of Life Insurance.

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